

Chronicle from  
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*E. Dorothy Benson.*

# THE STUDY CHRONICLE.





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# The Study Chronicle

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DECEMBER, 1930.

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## THE STAFF

Head Mistress

MISS GASCOIGNE

Head Mistress of Lower School

MISS SEATH

MRS. ADAIR

MISS BISSETT

MISS BLANCHARD

MISS BUTTANSHAW

MISS CAM

MISS CAMERON

MRS. DEACON

MADAME GAUDION

MISS HAGUE

MISS HANCOX

MRS. LYON

MISS MOORE

MISS RIDGEWAY

MISS STEPHENS

MISS SUDDER

MRS. TIZZARD





# Roll Call 1929 = 1930

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## BETA LAMBDA

### VI. - Head of House

Isabel Wonham

#### Prefect

Betty Knox

Enid Montgomery

#### Upper V.

Madéleine Beaubien

Joan Patch

Agnes Reiffenstein

Phyllis Roden

Hilda Shaw

#### Lower V. "A"

Elizabeth Conyers

Elizabeth Drummond

Elizabeth McDonald

Margaret Patch

### Lower V. "B"

Helen Davis

Marcia Drummond

Betty Hughes

Pamela Kemp

Katharine Knox

#### Upper IV.

Betty Brown

Joyce Wynn

#### Lower IV. "A"

Philippa Jane Hutchins

Anna Reay Mackay

Charlotte McCrady

#### Lower IV. "B"

Katherine Gurd

Alice Patch

Jill Pringle

### Upper III.

Mary Scott Fry

#### Lower III. "A"

Irene Irwin

Anne Jefferis

Margaret Knox

#### Lower III. "B"

Patricia Drummond

Sydney Fisher

Miriam Holland

Enid Mitchell

Althea Morris

Sybil Shires

Jessie Stirling

## MU GAMMA

### VI. - Head Girl

Mildred Larmonth

#### Head of House

Deane Richardson

Elizabeth Powell

#### Upper V.

Betty Beveridge

Esther Hale

Betty Weldon

#### Lower V. "A"

Margery Dodd

Janet Hutchison

Mary Lyman

Eleanor Peck

Eleanor Sweezey

#### Lower V. "B"

Andrea Peck

### Upper IV.

Mary Gurd

Patricia Hale

Viva Johnston

Renée Papineau

Frances Sise

Barbara Tetley

Jean Yancey

#### Lower IV. "A"

Barbara MacCallum

Nora Richardson

Daphne Sare

#### Lower IV. "B"

Airdrie Brown

Gillian Hessey-White

### Upper III.

Marguerite Casgrain

Joan Hodgson

Nancy Kerrigan

June Lauder

Marjorie Price

Gwyneth Porteous

Betty Woodyatt

#### Lower III. "A"

Elspeth Crawford

Peggy Elder

Jean Gordon

Winnifred Molson

#### Lower III. "B"

Joan Clarkson

Pamela Todd

## DELTA BETA

### VI. - Head of House

Margaret Patterson

#### Prefect

Ann Armstrong

Rose Robertson

#### Upper V.

Hilda Gifford

Katharine Gray

Daphne Montefiore

Peggy Wilkinson

Shelagh Young

#### Lower V. "A"

Elizabeth McDougall

Sylvia Thornhill

#### Lower V. "B"

Elaine Enderby

Diana Fisher

Rosemary Morris

Elizabeth Robertson

#### Upper IV.

Joyce Browning

Margaret Macdonald

Katherine Macdonald

Percival Mackenzie

#### Lower IV. "A"

Patricia Bate

Betty Schwob

Barbara Whitley

#### Lower IV. "B"

Margot McDougall

Ruth-Mary Penfield

Marjorie Schofield

### Upper III.

Sonia Baillie

Ellison Cooper

Grace Flintoft

Elizabeth Hanson

#### Lower III. "A"

Nora Deane Baillie

Amy Enderby

Betsy Lewis

Marion Savage

#### Lower III. "B"

Geraldine Hanson

Pamela Mathewson

Nancy Maclachlan

## KAPPA RHO

VI. - Head of House  
Barbara Kemp

Prefect  
Shirley Goodall

Sheila Macfarlane

Upper V.  
Anne Fyshe  
Adrienne Hanson  
Audrey Monk

Lower V. "A"  
Jean Laird  
Margot Redmond  
Helen Scott  
Deborah Stairs  
Marjorie Swenerton

Lower V. "B"  
Kathryn McRobie  
Anne Louise Nelles

Upper IV.  
Ruth Duclos  
Claire Mann  
Mary Lee Pyke  
Nancy Tolmie

Lower IV. "A"  
Mary Harling  
Peggy Kingstone  
Kathleen McConnell

Lower IV. "B"  
Anna Clarke  
Joan Murray-Smith  
Ellendell Rea

Upper III.  
Elaine Goodall  
Diana Walker  
Margaret Wilson

Lower III. "A"  
Mhairi Fenton  
Dorothea Hamilton  
Margaret London  
Margaret Shore  
Pamela Wilson

Lower III. "B"  
Corrie Baird  
Diana Baldwin  
Myra Maben  
Harriet Mitchell  
Nancy Turpin

## LOWER SCHOOL

### A DIVISION

Sheila Birks  
Peggy Durniord  
Ethel Enderby  
Mary Fowler  
Muriel Garrow  
Margery Hutchison

Patricia Hanson  
Anne Kavanagh  
Ailsa Mathewson  
Nancy Montefiore  
Morna MacLean  
Barbara McCombe

Gwyneth McConkey  
Margery Paterson  
Anne Perry  
Helen Robinson  
Betty Strothers

### B DIVISION

Jean Daniels  
Mary Dawson  
Virginia Dobson  
Elizabeth Drake  
Estelle Holland

Anne Jaques  
Audrey Kerrigan  
Marjorie Lewis  
Betty Lyman

Nancy McKean  
Barbara Peck  
Joan Shaw  
Betty Smith

### UPPER C

Mary Barnes  
Jean Bertram  
Evelyn Capon  
Martha Chadwick  
Claudia Clarke  
Diana Drake

Elizabeth Elder  
Susan Jefferis  
Fifine Johnson  
Barbara Laird  
Jane Molson  
Helen Malcolm

Elizabeth McConkey  
Lorna Prower  
Mary Claire Rea  
Mary del Robertson  
Peggy Turner  
Katherine Wilson

### LOWER C

Helen Graves  
Jacqueline Hale  
Jessie Maben  
Sheila Mappin  
Margery Nelson  
Patricia Nelson

Nancy Pringle  
Mary Place  
Joan Stanger  
Joyce Tetley  
Miriam Tees

Barbara Todd  
Marjorie Willetts  
Barbara Walker  
Janet Willetts  
Claire Wilson



## MAGAZINE BOARD

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### Advisors:

MISS GASCOIGNE

MISS HANCOX     -     -     -     -     MISS CAMERON

### Editors:

MILDRED LARMONTH     -     MARGARET PATTERSON

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## EDITORIAL

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This is a special number of the Study Chronicle as its outer and inner adornment will possibly show. It was twelve years ago, at the end of our first year on Sherbrooke street, when the school consisted of fifty-six members, that the first little brown copy of the Chronicle came into being,—and some of it is reproduced here.

It seems the time has come to take our own measurements; as if we had been alive long enough as a school and had become important enough to indulge in the luxury of retrospect. The Old Girls' List alone will bear witness to this.

Ten years ago, at the beginning of January, the school moved to this house; three years ago, in 1927, the Junior School House was taken over as well; two years ago the dream of an Assembly Hall became a reality; and the money that was collected years ago and had been invested, is now devoted to the making of a new playground. Many Old Girls agreed that this was the best use to which it could be applied, and **all** present girls heartily endorse that opinion. Our new Art Room in the Junior School is a thing of beauty and will surely be a joy forever.

In this number of the magazine then, we bid an affectionate farewell to our small beginnings, though we do not forget them, and confidently hail our future.

“Ave atque Vale”—

A. H. H.

## THE LADY WITH THE ROSE-COLOURED SPECTACLES

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Once upon a time there was a Woman — You might have thought she was just like anybody else, but then you would have been very much mistaken: she had at least two things that made her quite different from anybody else you and I ever knew. One thing was that she couldn't stop wishing; and the other was that she always wore a pair of beautiful rose-coloured spectacles—not the ordinary kind at all. When she looked through these glasses she didn't see what was actually there, she saw what was **going to be there**; and as she really didn't care to look at what she saw without those glasses, she hardly ever took them off.—she even slept in them; and you really wouldn't have known her without them.

Sometimes people said kindly but a little curiously, "You are only seeing **visions**, you know. Better take them off: what you see isn't really true," but she always made the same reply, "It's all the same: **it's what is going to be true!**" And it generally was.

Perhaps you will think it rather queer, but the first big thing this Lady of the Rose-Coloured Spectacles wished for and saw, was a school! She looked through those bright glasses and she saw it—a big fine house with well-worn steps leading up to it, a big bright airy hall that would hold lots and lots of children of all sorts, shapes and sizes (as long as the sorts were good sorts): a beautiful room lined with books from floor to ceiling, only you hardly noticed the floor, for it was covered with children, all silently devouring the books. She saw, too, walking about in a friendly but impressive manner, and with great dignity, some very tall fine-looking people in tunics,—but bigger than most,—who saw just how things should be done and saw that everyone did it.—She saw a group of happy excited red-faced folk in blue tunics, white blouses, yellow sash-bands worn criss-cross, and long brown legs, playing on a big green field or in a strange, big hall.—She saw them being cheered vociferously by some equally red-faced but rather disappointed-looking people in tunics not quite the same, bands of a different colour—and the eyes behind the glasses fairly shone.

She saw the blue-tunics standing up cheerfully with heads erect and mouths well-open, singing, singing,—songs new and old, singing as surely school girls never sang before.

She looked again and saw many of those same folk in a different place—some in "a city of dreaming spires," some in foreign places, jabbering the language like natives.



She saw, too, with the printer's ink fresh upon it, a fat, coloured paper-covered book having on its cover a three-fold emblem, and she read in it wonderful things of fact and fancy, verse and legend, all written by those same people—big and small people—who all “belonged” to her because she had seen them first of all in those wonderful glasses.

Much more she saw, and sees, and much of it we can fancy—and if she goes on wishing, as she surely will, and if she never takes off those rosy spectacles, as she certainly won't, **why, Who knows What may happen?**

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Lady of the Rose-Coloured Spectacles, we salute you! May the eyes behind them never grow dim.

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## HOUSE NOTES

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This year, the head of Mu Gamma is Deane Richardson, and the house mistresses are Miss Hague and Miss Ridgeway; the head of Kappa Rho is Barbara Kemp, the house mistresses, Mrs. Deacon and Miss Cam; the head of Beta Lambda is Isabel Wollaham, the house mistresses, Miss Bissett and Miss Buttanshaw; the head of Delta Beta is Margaret Patterson, the house mistresses, Mme. Gaudion and Miss Moore.

It has never before been the custom for mistresses to take part in the house meetings. However, during the Easter term, so many rules, alas! were broken that it became necessary for mistresses to preside over the meetings. Their presence was very effective, and as the number of broken rules soon decreased, the girls were again allowed to conduct the meetings themselves.

This September Miss Gascoigne rearranged the counting of points. Under the present system each girl may give one point to her house if she has been punctual all week, and one point if she has not broken any of the talking rules, and also a point for every Excellent she has received. This year Miss Moore gives Excellents to girls who especially distinguish themselves at games.

In June, Mu Gamma won the House Cup; Delta Beta won the Inter-House Basketball Cup, and also the Senior Sports Cup. This term, Delta Beta won the Inter-House Badminton Tournament. So far this year we have played no Inter-House Basketball matches.

MARGARET PATTERSON,

Upper VI., Delta Beta.

## SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1930

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As usual, this year our ordinary school time table has been made more interesting and lively by the visits to the school of such talented people as Mr. Clive Carey, Miss Deneke and Miss Tooke.

Mr. Clive Carey came at the beginning of the Easter Term and sang to us a number of old English folksongs. A lot of them were very funny, and they were all so perfectly delightful that the applause seemed to increase with each one, culminating in "The Derby Ram," which brought forth such stampings that it was thought the floor would never be the same again. Among others that he sang were: "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," "On a May Morning," "Bingo," "Briery Bush," "Billy Boy," and "Phillida Flouts Me."

On Wednesday, March 12th, the Upper School was very fortunate in hearing the celebrated Hart House String Quartet play in Tudor Hall. Their selection of pieces was perfect, and the only fault that could be found with it was that it was too short. It is interesting to note that this internationally famous quartet was formed by two Canadians, namely, the Hon. Vincent and Mrs. Massey, which makes it doubly interesting to Canadians. The members of this quartet are: Geza de Kresz, first violin; Harry Adaskin, second violin; Milton Blackstone, viola; Boris Hambourg, violincello.

About the middle of the same term we decided to do a little entertaining on our own account, and invited the parents to a song recital by the entire school. The programme was as follows:—

Lower III. A	.....	"I will give my Love an Apple."
		"An Evening Prayer"
Lower III. B	.....	"Good Morning my Fair One."
Upper III.	.....	"The Young May Moon—With descant.
		"Widdecombe Fair."
Lower IV.	.....	"My Man John."
Upper IV. B	.....	"My Boy Billy."
		"The Blue Bells of Scotland"—In two parts.
Upper IV. A	.....	"The Turtle Dove"—With descant.
Lower V.	.....	"I'm Seventeen Come Sunday."
Upper V.	.....	"Golden Slumbers."
Lower V.	.....	"The Lass with the Delicate Air."
School	.....	"O Hush Thee My Baby"—With descant.
		"There is a Spirit Singing."
		"Praise."
		"My Heart Ever Faithful."
		"God Save The King."



The day before school closed for the Easter holidays was taken up with a Poetry Competition. Miss Gascoigne chose four girls out of every Form to recite, one to represent each house. The Staff and School voted for which one they liked best, and the winning girl gave a point to her house. The following is the programme:

#### UPPER V.

Mu Gamma .....Deane Richardson—"The Jabberwock."  
 Beta Lambda .....Isabel Wonham—"Ode to a Nightingale."  
 Delta Beta .....Rose Robertson—"Cargoes."  
 Kappa Rho .....Evelyn Cantlie—"The Walrus and The Carpenter."

#### LOWER V.

Kappa Rho .....Joanna Wright—"Arabia."  
 Beta Lambda .....Joan Patch—"All That's Past."  
 Mu Gamma .....Betty Weldon—"The Gay Cossack."  
 Delta Beta .....Shelagh Young—"Dusk."

#### UPPER IV. A.

Delta Beta .....Sylvia Thornhill—"Lord Thomas and Fair Annet."  
 Mu Gamma .....Margery Dodd—"Phillida Flouts Me."  
 Beta Lambda .....Elizabeth McDonald—"Just a Clerk."  
 Kappa Rho .....Mary de Lotbinière—"The Passionate Shepherd to His Love."

#### UPPER IV. B.

Beta Lambda .....Margaret Patch—"The Beggar Maid."  
 Delta Beta .....Rosemary Morris—"Keats."  
 Mu Gamma .....Janet Hutchison—"L'Envoi."  
 Kappa Rho .....Barbara Buchanan—"The Laird of Cockpen."

#### LOWER IV.

Beta Lambda .....Marcia Drummond—"Drake's Drum."  
 Kappa Rho .....Claire Mann—"Silver Stream."  
 Delta Beta .....Margaret Macdonald—"When I Set Out For Lyonesse."  
 Mu Gamma .....Andrea Peck—"The Stolen Child."

Out of all these Beta Lambda had two of their representatives chosen as the best against one from every other house.

The Games Club started swimming last spring, and the Y.W.C.A. tank was reserved for the school every Monday afternoon between 3 and 4 o'clock. There was no wild enthusiasm over this new (to the school) sport at first, but it appears to be gaining in popularity, and we have several star performers, as the swimming meet this fall showed.

One of the events which provided the most fun during the school year was a basketball match between the mistresses and the first team. Many of the girls arrived at the match slightly resembling pouter-pigeons, and doing a little mental patting of backs in anticipation of the overwhelming victory to come. However, they were doomed to have their pride brought down several pegs for, although the mistresses were defeated, the difference in score was very small.

At the end of May the Lower III. B's presented a very pretty and amusing play entitled "The Goody Witch." The plot was the well-known one of the little boy who disobeys his elder sister and is carried off by the wicked witch, that she may fatten him and eventually roast him. His fate, in the form of a roasting pot, is about to be sealed, when he is rescued by a handsome young gallant who, of course, marries his sister. The players took their parts splendidly, and the cast is as follows:

- (1) Goody Witch—Elspeth Crawford.
- (2) Big Sister—Margaret Shore.
- (3) Doreen—Dorothea Hamilton.
- (4) Davy—(1) Peggy Elder; (2) Amy Enderby.
- (5) Good Huntsman—Winnifred Molson.
- (6) Wood Bird—Betsy Lewis.
- (7) Otto—Marion Savage.
- (8) Witch's Slaves — Margaret London, Jean Gordon, Margaret Knox.

The Study School is a worthy product of these modern times, for on the evening of May 18th we broadcasted over the radio. Many of those who listened in congratulated us on the way we sang, but all the congratulations and praise bestowed upon us ought, by order of merit, to go to Miss Blanchard, without whom we should never have been in a position to broadcast at all, and much less, to broadcast so that the listeners-in might enjoy it.

On May 28th a Drill Competition was held, in which all the Forms took part except Lower III. B. Miss Moore invited three outsiders to judge; they were Miss Wayne, Miss Duval and Miss Shaw. All the forms went through their exercises very well, thanks to Miss Moore's careful training, and the cup was won by the Prefects and Upper 5.

On June 4th Miss Tooke paid another visit to the school and gave us a most delightful violin recital. She played two Sonatas for us, one by Bach and two movements from one by Mozart. In the first she was aided by her own accompanist, Miss Decarie, and in the second she was accompanied by Miss Gascoigne.

Last year our Sports' Day was also an Old Girls' Day, and at least a dozen old girls were at prayers that morning when Miss Gascoigne gave us a short outline of the history of the school, from the time she started in Lincoln Ave. with six pupils until the present day.



The Sports were in the afternoon, and the events were run off in the midst of an intense heat, which seemed all the hotter to the participants at the sight of onlookers drinking cold water from a nearby spring. Delta Beta acquired the greatest number of points and so won the Sports' Cup.

At the Closing Miss Edwards presented the school with a most beautiful cūp, which is to be awarded to the form which wins the Drill Competition. It is suspected that rivalry in drill will be even keener this year, when we are working for such a prize.

Among the many added beauties which old friends coming back to the school this year cannot fail to notice, are, upstairs, downstairs, in Hall and Form room, in big and little school alike, pictures, pictures everywhere—why the hall of the Lower School is a small Art Gallery! All the beautiful pictures, many of them of historical subjects, were given to us by Mr. and Mrs. Raleigh Parkin. We are all delighted with so beautiful a gift, and would like to express our warmest thanks for such unstinted generosity.

Another thing which old friends will notice immediately is the new play-ground; the bank has been moved back and the ground levelled. A Badminton court has been marked out, and three basketball baskets put up. During break anyone attempting to walk from one side of the playground to the other is in immediate danger of her life owing to the numerous games of tag going on, and how anyone can practise basketball shooting in the midst of it all is a complete mystery.

The system by which points are given to the houses was changed this year. Last year the houses started each week with 25 points, 5 for each day, 1 for punctuality, 1 for talking and so on. If one girl broke a rule, that point was lost for the day on which she broke it. This year there is no definite number of points to start with, and the girls, instead of taking off points when they break rules, give a point when they do not, so that each girl may give two points to her house every week, if she has not been late, and she has not broken a rule, as well as adding any excellents she may get.

At the beginning of this term there was a swimming-meet in which nearly every school in Montreal competed. The Study did very well, thanks to the efforts of Rose and Elizabeth Robertson. We won first place in the diving, and third place reckoning it up all around.

Miss Deneke paid a second visit to the school this term, and gave a lecture on English music. She started with the first piece of music ever composed, which happened to be by an Englishman, and she went up from about 14th Century to the present day, playing pieces from each period to illustrate what she was saying. It was a great success, and the three cheers given her at the end were decidedly enthusiastic.



There have been several Badminton tournaments this year. First came the inter-house one which Delta Beta won. Then there was one in which one mistress and one girl from each house played a mistress and a girl from another house. This was won by Miss Hague and Betty Beveridge for Mu Gamma. The last one was just between the girls, and in it every girl plays every other girl.

There have also been two tennis tournaments. The first was singles, in which only girls from the middle school might compete; the second was doubles for the whole school.

### SPORTS DAY

The school sports day took place on the mountain on June 5th. It was an unusually hot day, and we feel that better records might have been made. There were junior and senior events so that everyone could take part. Points were given for 1st, 2nd and 3rd places.

#### List of Events — Junior

50 Yards Dash	Andrea Peck	Mu Gamma
Running High Jump	Viva Johnston	Mu Gamma
Standing Broad Jump	Ruth Duclos	Kappa Rho
Tennis Serve	Percival Mackenzie	Delta Beta
Obstacle Race	Percival Mackenzie	Delta Beta

#### Senior

75 Yard Dash	Rose Robertson	Delta Beta
Obstacle Race	Ann Armstrong	Beta Lambda
Running High Jump	Rose Robertson	Delta Beta
Running Broad Jump	Rose Robertson	Delta Beta
Tennis Serve	Janet Hutchison	Mu Gamma
Basketball Throw	Mary Chadwick	Kappa Rho
House Relay Race		Mu Gamma

#### Total Points

1st—Delta Beta	44 1/3 points
2nd—Mu Gamma	40 5/6 “
3rd—Beta Lambda	19 “
4th—Kappa Rho	17 3/6 “

### DRILL COMPETITION

The Drill competition took place on May 29th in the afternoon. All the classes except Lower 3B took part. The judges were Miss Wain, Miss Duval and Miss Shaw. Miss Gascoigne and a number of mistresses were present.

Results: 1st—Upper 5 and 6.

2nd—Lower 3 A.

3rd—Upper 4 B and Lower 5.

BARBARA KEMP,  
Kappa Rho.

On the eve of going to Press we have to express our warm thanks to Miss Marie Thompson, of Edinburgh, for a present of music.

We have also to announce the result of the Basketball match played with the Senior and Junior teams of Weston School on December 4th. First Team:: 31—24. Second Team: 28—7.

Both games were a win for our school.

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## GUIDES AND BROWNIES

### 8th Montreal Company

Last Winter the Company came second in the Honour Flag Competition and sent in eight teams of four for the Ambulance Shield Competition.

They attended the Annual Divisional Rally and were in the Swedish Drill number with four other Companies. They also took part in the District Church Parade held in Erskine Church in June.

The Company meetings ended on June the sixth with a picnic on the Mountain. Last Spring the officers gave a cup to be awarded every year to the patrol gaining the highest marks during the season. It is called the "Benmacbar" Trophy and was won in 1930 by the Honesty Patrol.

On June the 16th the company went to camp, making a group with the other two school companies, namely, the 4th and 14th Companies. Captain H. Ogilvie was in charge for the first half and Captain D. Benson for the latter half; Lieut. C. Macfarlane also attended.

The company meetings started on November 7th this fall, and we were all very sorry to have to say good-bye to so many of our old Patrol Leaders and Guides. Four have joined Cadets and are training to be officers; the rest who are not attached to other companies belong to the Company Lone Patrol.

Last Winter Joan Patch passed her Patrol Leader's Test and was made Leader of the Honesty Patrol. Elizabeth Robertson and Betty Weldon also passed their test last year, and this November replaced Rose Robertson of the Sunflower Patrol and Phyllis Elder of the Trillium Patrol.

As our company was too big last year we are thinking of forming another school company; therefore we have not taken any recruits with the exception of three Brownies. They "flew up" on November 14th. District Commissioner Mrs. Howard attended the ceremony. Owing to our depleted numbers we found it necessary to disband the Shamrock and Iris Patrols.

The Guides trying for their Patrol Leader's Test this year are:—Betty Beveridge, Mary Lyman and Daphne Montefiore.

Our complement is now 50 Guides and 3 Officers.

Respectfully submitted,

E. DOROTHY BENSON,

Captain 8th Montreal Company.

## Report of Eighth Brownie Pack—1929-1930

On November 5th, 1929, the 8th Pack met in the Pow-Wow Circle around our Totem. The Circle seemed very small because in the spring we had said good-bye to twelve Brownies who had gone up to the Guide Company, and several others who had left The Study. However, it was very exciting to find seven new Brownies, and during the year seven more joined us, so that we had a very big Pack.

We heard that the Girl Guide Association was building new headquarters in London, so the Pow-Wow decided that it would be fun to buy some bricks and help to build it. We decided to have a bazaar, so many busy meetings were spent making articles to sell. We invited our mothers and made \$30 to send as our contribution to the Building Fund.

After Christmas we had an enrolment, when all the new Brownies were invested as members of the 8th Pack.

Our Commissioner, Mrs. Howard, paid us a visit during the winter.

In June two Brownies passed their 1st Class Test, which means that they can really "Lend a Hand."

Respectfully submitted,

KATHLEEN H. ROSAMOND,

Brown Owl.

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## ON HALLOWE'EN NIGHT

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On Hallowe'en night  
It's a dreadful sight,  
For all the ghosts and witches come out.  
The children should be  
No, not where they are,  
For they are out watching  
The trembling star.  
They should be in bed,  
Yes, should be in bed,  
With the covers tight  
Over their head.

ANNE PERRY, (10 years),

Junior School, Division A.



# The Study Chronicle

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JUNE 1918

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*"Alle is buxumnesse there and bokes for to rede and to lerne,  
And grete love and lykyng for eche of hem loveth other.*

Editor . . . . . Elizabeth McArthur  
Assistant Editor . . . . . Margaret Gordon  
Business Editor . . . . . Grace Shearwood



## SCHOOL STAFF 1918-1919

### HEAD MISTRESS

Miss Gascoigne, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford,  
*Classics*

### ASSISTANT MISTRESSES

Mademoiselle Marcelle Boucher, Brevet Superieur de l'Universite de  
Lille,  
*Senior French*

Miss I. Cameron, Macdonald College, P. Q., Gold Medallist in  
Gymnastics,  
*First Form, Junior Mathematics, Swedish Drill*

Miss D. Dodwell,  
*Second Form and Junior Mathematics*

Mademoiselle Sophie Edwards,  
*Junior French*

Miss V. Henry, B.A., M. Sc., McGill, Gold Medallist in Physics,  
*Mathematics and Physics*

Miss Rose Larivier, B.A., McGill,  
*Mathematics, Geography, French*

Miss Ethel Seath,  
*Art*

Miss D. Willis, B.A., McGill,  
*History*

Miss Helen Willis, M.A., McGill,  
*English*

# Roll Call 1917-1918

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## UPPER SCHOOL

### FORM VI.

MARGARET AYLMEY Left Easter 1918

Head of the School

OSLA CAINS	"	"	"
HELEN MCLAGAN	"	"	"
FRIEDA ORKIN	"	"	"
MARY PANGMAN	"	"	"
HILDA SKELTON	"	"	"

### FORM IV.

MARGARET BLACK, School Prefect

MARGARET GORDON	"	"
ELIZABETH McARTHUR	"	"
BRUNHILDE MORPHY	"	"
GRACE SHEARWOOD	"	"

EDITH BLACK

MARY BRACKEN

LIETTE FORTIER

JEAN FROSST

JEAN LUDAS

TANNIS SOMERSET

AMY WARNER

### FORM IIIA

NELO BALLANTYNE

DOROTHY BENSON

JOYCE COWIE

ANNA COWANS

MARION CRAWFORD

CONSTANCE DAWES

GERTRUDE DICK

MABEL EVANS

BEATRICE LYMAN

MARGARET MOLSON

BEATRICE MURRAY

### FORM IIIB

DORIS BALLANTYNE

JANE HOWARD

MARGARET HYDE

PIERCY PORTEOUS

NANCY REID

ELLEN STANSFIELD

MARY ARDEN STEAD

## LOWER SCHOOL

### FORM IIA

BILLY BIGGAR

ANNETTE BROCK

JEAN CASSILS

MARY COLBY

FRED COWIE

RUTH COWANS

DOREEN HARVEY-JELLIE

MARGARET PECK

### FORM IIB

ISABEL BARCLAY

PEPITA BROOKS

MARGARET DAWES

PATRICIA DAWES

JOHN HARKNESS

EVELYN HOWARD

HAZEL HOWARD

BARBARA PITCHER

MARGARET RUSSELL

LEILA SIMS

### FORM I

HARRIET CRAIG

NANCY JOHNSON

JOAN MARSHAL

MARY MAXWELL

JOHN McCONNELL

ESMOND PECK

HARRY PECK

SEYMOUR STEAD

ETHEL WILLIAMS

## "I AM AN EAVES-DROPPER AT A FAIRY ASSEMBLY"

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On the Friday before our mid-term holiday I felt mischief brooding in the air, and that night I resolved to go back to school to see how the books were behaving.

It was quite late as I ran upstairs as lightly as I could, although the stairs groaned in protest as I passed the old fashioned niche in the wall. In this semi-circular groove I distinguished two or three little figures mingling with the shadows, chatting gravely, and apparently waiting for someone. I could see them more clearly now, for the Daffodils in IIB seemed to glow with a warm light and spread a candle-light radiance over the passage and stairway.

I crossed the fitfully lighted landing into IIA where I asked the pink Hyacinth why the fairies were waiting in the niche on the stairway.

"Why for the coach of course; they are going to a mid-term meeting."

I wondered greatly why they did not use their wings, and my friend told me that they had lent them to the poor beetles and bugs of the museum, whose wings had become too rusty to use. Soon the coach came rumbling down the upper stairs, and I recognized little coal-black Sweep acting as that vehicle. The fairies gleefully tumbled on to his back and were borne away upstairs.

I determined to watch the meeting and was soon peeping through the door which joins IIIA and IV. I should not have recognized our room, as it was filled with countless little figures scattered over the desks, chairs, and book-shelves, their gay and delicate colours mingling together in lovely patterns.

The black-board was presiding over the meeting, aided by a large pencil who was trying to keep order. All the book people were playing on the book-shelves and on the window-sill. The history volumes were very agreeable and were sedately playing "noughts and crosses" with the dear old story ladies, who were getting hopelessly beaten. Those families who were unable to slip away without their wild or domestic animals were obliged to barricade them behind bowls and boxes, as Red Fox was never averse to a meal of geese or chickens, nor did the lobster who lived among the water babies mind pinching the toes of the assembly. Therefore the whole company was continually being subjected to thrills of excitement, when one of the number would unwittingly perch himself on the edge of a bowl and be warned: "Be careful, sir, my pet lion is behind that dish." or "I would not sit there, ma'am, my monkey sometimes bites."



They were waiting for the IIA fairy, who was late. She arrived shortly, escorted by her butler, the blackboard brush, and as she was taking off her shawl I had time to observe her little figure. She looked very prim and was dressed quite old-fashionedly, but her eyes had a merry twinkle. She shook her head to settle her mobcap, and waited demurely until her butler, by dint of blowing his dust and nearly suffocating all those that came in his path, had found a place for her. I cannot remember all that passed at the meeting, except a dim recollection of all the lesson books complaining, and the literature books begging to be put on a shelf by themselves as behooved their superior rank. Suddenly this discussion was broken short by great uproar under the sofa. The IV form fairy stood up valiantly for the honour of her room, and tried to direct every one's attention into another channel. But alas! truth will out. Great was her mortification when the chalks were released from under the sofa by the spiteful Alice in Wonderland queen who demanded the fairy's head. In vain did the pencil try to restore order; he broke his point tapping and was carried off to the stationery cupboard by two fountain pens, leaking sympathetically.

The poor IV form fairy, feeling ashamed of treating the chalks thus, retired to the library shelf and wept copiously, although she declared that her tears were caused by the cork being left out of the ammonia bottle, beside which she was now seated. The IIA form fairy behaved in an exceedingly sisterly manner and wiped up her tears with a bit of blotting paper. The IV form fairy soon regained her composure and was placed in the seat of honour, beside Titania on the bank of wild thyme.

I had forgotten so completely that I was a secret onlooker that when the queen, stamping her way back to her place, put one foot down an ink well, I could not refrain from laughing; but this outburst was my undoing. The fairies with great presence of mind called out the guard and before I had time to escape I was dragged downstairs by Sweep, the Doormouse, and a picked body of goblins. Without ceremony I was thrust out at the back-door, and as I turned remorsefully away I looked up at the window and fancied that I saw the queen shaking her fist at the assembly, and demanding my head!

(Reproduced from Chronicle of 1918.)

MARGARET GORDON,  
IVA.

## SPRING

Wake up, little brook, and run!  
Spring has come, Spring has come!  
Tell glad tidings to the sun,  
To the birds and to the bees,  
To the flowers, to the trees.  
Wake, little brook, and run!  
Spring has come, Spring has come!

Wake, little brook, and scurry!  
Tell the flowers to hurry!  
The poppies shall rise  
And the hollyhocks bloom.  
The bees shall have a surprise  
At the roses' perfume.  
Now, little brook, wake, and run!  
Spring has come,—Spring has come!

DOROTHEA HAMILTON,

Kappa Rho, Form Lower III.A.

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## THE FLOWERS

The sweet little flowers were nodding their heads,  
And waving their leaves so gay,  
While high above in the high-up sky  
The clouds were turning gray.

The sweet little flowers were nodding their heads  
And were swept right down to the ground,  
While the rain came down, and it felt like snow,  
And the thunder it rumbled around.

The sweet little flowers were nodding their heads,  
And waving their leaves so gay,  
While high above the sun came out,  
All on that summer's day.

PATRICIA DRUMMOND, (10 years).

Junior School, Division A.

## WHY THE MAPLES TURN RED AND GOLD IN THE AUTUMN

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Once, in the tribe of the Crees, there lived a beautiful girl named Kindawiss. She was so beautiful that Alabec, the God of Colours, fell in love with her. He came to her in the morning with the sun glistening on his head-dress. He came to her at noon, clad so brightly that she could not look at him; he came down to her on the rainbow after the rain, but mostly he came to her in the evening when the dying sun reflected her colours on him. But she gave her heart to Chicoma, Chief of the Crees, and her father, not knowing of Alabec's love, consented that Chicoma and Kindawiss should live together. When Alabec heard this he was exceedingly angry, and while the two were out hunting, with one of his golden arrows he shot Chicoma. As Chicoma fell, Kindawiss ran forward, and when she saw the golden arrow she knew it was Alabec's revenge. Just then, Alabec in all his golden splendour, strode through the wood. When he saw how sad she was, he said, "Kindawiss, I will do anything that is in my power to honour Chicoma." "Take me to him," was all she said. "I will do more, where this arrow stands shall grow a tree and every autumn it shall turn gold and red, like the arrow tinged with his blood." And he led her away through the pine trees.

NORAH RICHARDSON,

Form Lower IV.A, Mu Gamma.

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## A FAIRY

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One day when I was out walking, I saw a fairy. When I saw her I was so delighted that I ran and caught up to her. Then I said to her, "Where are you going?" She said that she was going to Fairyland. Then she told me that the Fairy Queen was giving a big party, and the spiders were going to weave their dresses, and they were going to be made of rose petals with a border of sun-beams around the bottom. I then said that I wished I could go, and she asked me, and I said that I would love to.

We had a lovely time; we played games before tea, and after tea we danced, and when we had danced till we were tired we went back to our homes and went to bed, and I dreamed of the fairies all night.

PAMELA TODD,

Lower III. B., Mu Gamma.



## SEASCAPE

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The sand stretched smooth and brown along the whole length of the bay. The tide was rising slowly, creeping over the weed-covered rocks and running in small rivulets across the mud-flats. Not a breath of wind stirred the long grass and rushes at the edge of the beach, or moved the green leaves on the trees on the cliff.

The "sun in splendour" dominated everything in the hush before its setting. Its golden path rippled across the water, from the shore onward and onward till it reached the purple mountains on the shore beyond, and climbed them to the sun. The sky was a mass of vivid hues fading away in the distance to a pale gold and blue. In this fairy path of the sun a ship lay becalmed, its great brown sails drooping, but lightened with the colours of the sky.

The sun dropped suddenly, the sky deepened into more sombre and softer colours. Then the shadow of the forest-clad island fell upon the ship; a gull flew by moaning softly to himself; a fish jumped angrily, caught in a near-by fishery, a flock of small sand-pipers darted twittering, now here, now there.

Now the sea was like a dark stretch of eternity; the ship was lost from sight, invisible. All was hushed. Now, slowly, over the crest of the steep cliff behind, the moon sailed like some "stately Spanish galleon." The ship now lay in its silvery road.

Soon a gentle "lap, lap" against the shore was heard, the waters were startled by a breeze, a cloud blew over the moon, and when it had passed the ship had gone, down, its sails filled with the wind, continuing on its belated voyage, bearing unknown treasures to strange and unknown lands.

ELEANOR PECK.

Form Lower V., Mu Gamma.

## WINTER LANDSCAPE

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The air is crisp and fresh as we trudge through the high banks of snow, snow that crunches underfoot with each step we take. Our skis are strapped together—but as we reach the snowy summit of our destination, all hands work to loosen the straps that tightly bind together the means by which we hope, for the next few hours, thoroughly to enjoy ourselves. Before the last ski is unbuckled and the harness tightly fitted, we are off—through the narrow path surrounded by fir-trees, down the next hill, up another. Somewhere in the distance, faintly, as if made by some elfin thing, we hear the echo of a sleigh bell. Further up the hill we see the bright colours of the other skiers' clothes. The tall fir-trees cast dark-blue shadows which give to the otherwise sunny day something of an eerie look. Through the trees we catch a glimpse of people moving in and out, and hear their happy voices as they call across to one another.

Many of us tumble, only to get up again, shaking off the snow which falls in drifts around us. Out so long in the fresh air, by now we have a bright colour in our cheeks. Far across near the blue horizon we hear a call: we tighten our skis and coast on down the hill in the direction whence the call seemed to come. As the snow begins to fall we hasten on. On we go, nearer and nearer the welcome call which summons us home for lunch.

ROSEMARY MORRIS,

Lower V. B, Delta Beta.

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## AN APOLOGY FOR WRITING NOTHING

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I've tried and tried a thought to gain  
From out the chaos of my brain,  
But, tho' I've tried with all my might,  
Nothing will come that's really bright,  
Or even worthy of our aim,  
Which is, dear reader, that you'll exclaim:  
"Oh, I have never, never seen  
A more delightful magazine!"

VIVA JOHNSTON,

Upper IV., Mu Gamma.

(If everyone who could not write for the Chronicle would make as handsome an apology as this for her sins of omission we should be able as a school to publish a brilliant "Apologia pro Vita sua.")

## THE TYRANNY OF TRIFLES

There are some days when everything goes wrong from the time you wake to the time you thankfully retire to bed, hoping for a twelve hours' sleep and oblivion.

The other day I was roused from a heavy sleep by the alarm-clock which was cheerfully ringing at six o'clock, for some reason quite unknown to me. When I had stopped it and had hastily returned to bed, I was seized with a fit of sneezing, due, I expect, to the icy floors and my bare feet. I began a frantic search for my handkerchief, and after diving desperately and blindly under the bed between sneezes, I finally retrieved it. My morning slumbers were thoroughly spoilt.

Later, when I arrived down to breakfast, I found that my brother had finished the toast, that the coffee was cold, (I detest cold coffee) and, though I was only ten minutes late, that the cook would not be reasoned with.

A few hours later, I arrived home from ski-ing,—it was a Saturday morning—and I was very tired and cross. After a number of futile attempts to get my skis through the door, at the same time trying to stand up on the icy steps, I rang the bell till somebody came, dropped my skis, and banged upstairs to the unwelcome business of pulling off my boots.

After lunch I sat down in the most comfortable chair in the room, and soon became entirely engrossed in my book. But, of course, the telephone rang, and after shouting to various apparently deaf and totally unresponsive members of the family to attend it, I went myself, and listened as patiently as might be to the troubles of the chauffeur who had forgotten his orders. I had no sooner found my place again and settled to read, when my brother came in looking for his pipe, and peace departed until he found it.

All went well for an hour or so till I remembered that I had not mailed my sister's letter, and I had to leave the fire and go out into the cold air. I would not have minded this so much, had I not met a chatty old lady in the street; she is really a dear old thing, but she always persists in asking searchingly after every member of the family, and this becomes a little trying, for like Wordsworth's acquaintances, we are seven.

I did not spill anything at supper, though I fully expected to do so, and all went well till I tried to write letters with a pen that "flowed" all too freely, to the mournful strains of the "Monastery Garden." This did not annoy me, however, half as much as a singer who seemed to be suffering from some great mental agony which rendered life weary, stale, certainly **flat**, and quite unprofitable—though, of course, it **may** have been the condition of the radio!



I was very thankful to go to bed that night, for though nothing very terrible or even unusual had gone wrong that day, I was feeling very overwrought and irritable. My bad luck, however, followed me to the end, for I stubbed my toe violently in getting into bed, and I dreamed all night of the tyranny of trifles.

ISABEL WONHAM.

Form VI., Beta Lambda.

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## THE BEAUTY OF TREES

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I like to think of trees as human beings, each with its own individuality and character, which make it more beautiful. Young trees are interesting, but saplings somehow lack character, and are rather like schoolboys, full of promise, but as yet unformed and a little callow. This is also true, to a lesser extent, of man-planted trees, or those man-tended. A park tree resembles somehow a man of wealth or fashion, but in the forest, all the trees show scars of their battle with life.

Trees can give us a great deal of enjoyment and companionship, and only give us sorrow when we know them foredoomed to death. So does Nature sometimes assume the rôle of Destroying Angel to a nation of trees. The trees have had their chance, and after a brave struggle have been honourably vanquished; they never surrender, but battle valiantly to the last. When they must needs perish of long thirst, a host of little sun-plants crop up to serve as their monument and keep their memory green from season to season. But trees that live and flourish can give us much of friendship, and never seem to intrude, but are peaceful and uplifting.

Some people think that trees are beautiful only in one season, but that, I think, is not so. To me a tree, no matter what garment it wears, is always beautiful, just as a lovely person is still beautiful arrayed in other clothes.

In the Spring, when everything bursts into flower and the grass grows green, the trees and buds bloom into delicate flowers which die before summer comes. They seem the very essence of life, joyful and cheery once more after a long winter's rest.

The Summer comes, and the foliage, which had peeped forth in Spring, becomes thick and verdant, shading the delicate flowers and ferns which grow at the base of the tree. Indeed, we may well be thankful for the green leaves of the trees that so mercifully shade us from the heat of the summer sun.

Following close on Summer is Autumn, perhaps the most beautiful season of all for trees. The gaily-coloured leaves of crimson, red, yellow, green and brown are swept before the mischievous wind, only to be scattered again and chased in hundreds and thousands by its force all over the countryside. A tree is a wonderful picture, clad in its Autumn garment, untouched as yet by the wind. There is no more exquisite sight than an Autumn-clad hill; in all its extravagant riot of colour it is a lovely picture.

But alas, Winter comes and steals the gay colours away, leaving the trees a dull brown. Then snow falls, and covers them with a dazzling garment of white, transforming them out of knowledge. Again the snow melts, and the branches are left quite bare. Then indeed they are beautiful, each little twig showing clearly its delicate tracery of form. The silhouette of a tree, standing out clearly against the dark skyline on a winter day is a very beautiful sight.

There is even yet another transformation which trees may undergo, and that is when their trunks, branches and twigs are encased in ice. Then indeed the world seems to have turned into a glittering faery land, and the wind, moaning through the stiff and brittle branches, makes faery music.

All trees are beautiful, in all seasons, but to me the most beautiful trees of all are the evergreens. All seasons are alike to them in their enduring beauty and strength.

Nearly everyone finds trees mysterious and unfathomable, except a privileged few who understand them better than the rest. We are apt to blame Nature for our own lack of understanding, but it is ourselves we should blame, for we might, if we would, possess the fuller understanding. If we would spend less time in the drawing-room and more in the woods, we might, perhaps, be able to say confidently with Whittier in the presence of the everlasting forest-clad hills,

“Transfused through you, O mountain friends,  
With mine your solemn spirit blends,  
And life no more hath separate ends.  
I read each misty mountain sign,  
I know the voice of wave and pine;  
And I am yours, and ye are mine.  
Life’s burdens fall, its discords cease,  
I lapse into the glad release  
Of Nature’s own exceeding peace.”

PEGGY WILKINSON,

Delta Beta, Form Upper V.

## THINGS SEEN—I.

### A Kingfisher

One day last summer we were sitting in the garden by the lake when suddenly we heard the ducks making an unusual commotion; we wondered what had happened, so we went down to the shore and found that a small kingfisher, who had been trying to get at the ducklings, was caught by the ducks and had his wing broken. He could not fly, so if we left him there he would have died. We thought it would be best to put him on an open gallery of the house. We gave him water and raw fish, and left him alone, thinking he would be better quiet.

The next day he was just about the same, but he would not eat or drink. We thought it best to feed him, or he would soon die, so we picked him up and gave him some warm milk and whisky; it seemed to help him, and we thought if he could thrive through the worst part, he would get better. We had the doctor set his wing, and gradually he became better. In a few weeks with all our care he became perfectly well, and we were able to unbind his wing, and with joy he flew away.

PATSY HALE.

Form Upper IV., Mu Gamma.

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## THINGS SEEN—II.

### A Wren Family

This is about a family of wrens who were brought up at our cottage this summer. We had put up two wren boxes; one was only an old telephone box with a hole cut in it, and the other was one built especially for birds. When we went down to the cottage in May we found the wrens inhabiting the old telephone box, and building a nest in it; later on in July, when we arrived there again, we found three dead baby birds in the telephone box; we did not know the cause of their death, for they were unharmed, and had evidently only been dead for about a day, so we took them out of the box and buried them. In a little while the parent birds arrived and started flying about between the telephone box and the wrens' house, which were only a small distance apart, evidently trying to decide which house to inhabit; the hen bird was all the time trying to get into the real box, but the hole was too small, and every time she tried she only got her head in and then got stuck, and would flutter her tail frantically, so finally we took the box down, enlarged the hole, and put it up again; about half an hour elapsed and nothing happened, but at the end of that half hour the birds returned, tried the hole, and were delighted to find they were able to get in; so after chattering away to each other, they started moving



twigs from the old box to the new, and there they took up their abode. They were very tame birds, and would come down on the verandah to get crumbs.

Some weeks later after the eggs had hatched, early in the morning they flew away; no one saw them go except the maid, who saw the baby birds all in a row on the stick outside the box, while the parent birds were evidently trying to make them fly, chattering and scolding at a great rate.

KATHERINE MACDONALD,

Form Upper IV., Delta Beta.

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### THINGS SEEN—III.

#### The Skunk

I suppose many of you have heard of skunks before. We had a family of them in our neighbourhood in the country. They are quite pleasant creatures unless anyone worries them, then things are slightly different; it happened once that our dog came in contact with one quite near the house and as it was at night things went rather badly, for Mother and Dad had to stay up half the night scrubbing the poor dog. Skunks are very polite and sociable; sometimes as we were going down the road (it was a rough country road, of course), they used to put their heads out of the drain pipe on the side of the road, as a kind of a how-do-you-do sign, and then pop back in again. At night once the mother skunk brought all her little babies to drink the milk that had been put out for the cat.

MARGARET MACDONALD,

Form Upper IV., Delta Beta.

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### MY DOG

We have a dog at our house,  
His colour is black and white.  
It seems to me he sleeps all day,  
But not so much at night.  
His name is Peter Avondale,  
And of me he has no fear,  
'Cause every morn' before I am up  
He comes and licks my ear!  
He likes to run, and play, and swim,  
And if I had my way,  
He never would get old or sick,  
But always with me stay.

MARGARET LUNDON,

Kappa Rho, Form Lower III. A.

## MACBETH

---

Macbeth was king of Scotland,  
He stood upon a hill,  
Behind him stood his castle,  
The walls which he did build.

And up behind the castle came  
Both man and boy and beast;  
And they came to the palace  
To make ready for a feast.

And all around stood men and thanes  
All talking eagerly;  
They talked of the king, and the terrible things  
Of the witches' prophecy.

The witches had told this king, Macbeth,  
That he should never die,  
Until a wood named Birnam Wood  
Should to the king's home hie.

The men and thanes they feared but one,  
And the Thane of Fife was he;  
And this thane of Fife was Macduff by name,  
The Scots' king's enemy.

And when they told him of this fear,  
He made a scornful face;  
He said, "However should that wood  
To our castle come apace?"

Some oxen were ploughing up the slope  
In the very heat of the day;  
Down they fell upon the stones  
And quite exhausted lay.

"Whose beasts be those?" he thundered out.  
They answered, "Thane of Fife's."  
"He can send better, I have no doubt,  
But for this he'll lose his life."

When young Lord Lennox heard of this,  
To the castle he ran in haste.  
"Good thane, no longer take your ease,  
'Twere best to leave this place."

And on that day, he rode away,  
And to the river Tay came he.  
He asked the man to row him across,  
Although he had no fee.

The ferryman asked what he could pay.  
Macduff said, "I have naught,  
Except a wee sweet roll of bread  
Which I myself have brought."

The ferryman smiled and rowed him across,  
Across to the other side,  
And said, "This loaf will be no loss,"  
And away Macduff did ride.

And he rode, and he rode for most of the day,  
Till at length before him he spied  
The round, grey towers of Kennoway,  
And beyond it the sea, blue and wide.

"Dear wife, the king's men follow fast,  
And I must away on the sea;  
This peace will not much longer last  
When I to Malcolm flee."

"A boat awaits in the harbour near,  
I will stay till away you be.  
Goodbye, dear lord, I will show no fear  
Till your sail afar I see."

The king came along and along came he;  
He rode to Macduff's stronghold.  
But Macduff was setting out to sea,  
And his wife was alone, but bold.

"Where is your husband, where is your Lord?  
I swear I will have his head."  
Macduff's wife she pointed seaward,  
"He's yonder, sire," she said.

"No, open the gates, deliver him up,  
I do not believe your tale."  
She took no notice, but said to a Lord,  
"Can you yet see Macduff's sail?"

Macbeth he stormed the castle  
And killed Macduff's brave wife;  
For her sons he showed no mercy  
While gone was the Thane of Fife.

When he had satisfied his wrath,  
Away he rode again,  
O'er hill and dale, through Birnam Wood,  
And back to Dunsinane.



A servant came unto his Lord,  
And said to him, "Beware!  
Lord Malcolm, and that worthy Thane  
Have come to fight you here.

"They have plucked the wood of Birnam  
To hide their numbers great,  
And if you do not fight them hard,  
They'll enter the castle gate."

He looked beyond the battlements,  
He heard a trumpet's blast.  
The wood of Birnam came up the hill  
To Dunsinane at last.

Form Lower IVB, Age 11-12.

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### ODE TO A FORD

---

She bounces, she flounces, along the summer road;  
The ruts are deep,  
The hills are steep,  
She groans beneath her load,—  
But she gets there just the same.

And though the birds do sweetly sing  
She doth outsqueak them all.  
Her insides merrily clang and ring  
As she rides for a gallant fall,—  
But she gets there just the same.

The turtle slow, the hare we know;  
And so through all the years,  
Though sometimes fast, more often slow,  
The trusty Ford has yet no peers,—  
But she gets there just the same.

ELIZABETH CONYERS,  
BETSY McDONALD,

Lower V., Beta Lambda.

## THEMISTOCLES AND ARISTIDES

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*Dramatis Personae*:—

Themistocles.

Aristides.

Draco

Nicias

An Announcer.

A Herald.

A Page.

A Citizen of Athens.

Crowd.

*Place*: Athens.

*Time*: 480 B.C.

### SCENE I.

(In a market-place in Athens. Enter Draco and Nicias).

*Dra.*: Oh! there you are, Nicias. I have looked for you since dawn. I do so want to talk to you.

*Nic.*: So I have you. Have you heard the talk about Aristides and Themistocles? Greatly I fear, O friend, that Aristides will be ostracized.

*Dra.*: I don't fear it, friend. I think we need ships and sailors to defend Athens as Themistocles says.

*Nic.*: We fought the Persians once on land and won glory. Why couldn't we do it again? Methinks it is a waste of time and money to build ships. That is what Aristides says.

*Dra.*: Then I see whom you are going to vote for!

*Nic.*: Here comes the crowd, so I will leave you. Farewell.

(Exit Nicias, enter crowd, announcer, Aristides and Themistocles).

*Ann.*: People, now cast your votes.

*Citizen* (Drawing Aristides to a corner): Hi! fellow, come you here. I cannot write, so on this shell write for me—"Ostracize Aristides."

*Aris.*: And pray tell me what harm he has ever done to you?

*Cit.*: Oh, nothing! I'm just tired of hearing his name called Aristides the Just. (Aristides writes the vote).

*Ann.*: Any more votes? for if not, I am going to count them now.

(A bustling rumour while votes are counted. Aristides is to be exiled. The people hail Themistocles).

*Crowd*: Hail thee, Themistocles! You are right. We will build ships. We need them to defend Athens.

(Exeunt all except Aristides and Themistocles).

*Them.*: O Aristides! if you would consent to work and build ships you would not be exiled. But if not I think it is best, what we have done. Farewell, Aristides, I love you. You are wise, except about the need for ships.

*Aris.*: My love for Athens will never fade. Fare you well. Call upon me if you need me. (Exeunt).

## SCENE II.

(In a street in Athens. Enter a Herald and Themistocles' Page).

*Page*: I have a message from Themistocles for you. He said——

*Her.*: Oh, these Persians! Why can't they stay in their own country? O, mighty Apollo, Zeus and all the gods defend us, let Greece keep her Liberty!

*Page*: Excuse me, sire, but Themistocles told me to tell you to bring back all the exiled people. And do not tarry, for the Persians are heavily upon us. We need all the people we can get.

*Her.*: I go, my boy, and right soon, if only thou wilt tell me where Aristides is, for we need him.

*Page*: Sire, I am sorry, I cannot tell, but methinks he would not go far away, for he was fond of Athens. Go, my good friend, wait not to talk any more, but go and do thine errand. Farewell.

*Her.*: Many thanks for your kindness. Farewell. (Exeunt).

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## SCENE III.

(In Themistocles' house. Themistocles sitting, with servants about).

*Ser.*: Is there anything to be done, Sire? for the Persians are close at hand.

*Them.*: Oh, get away, all of you! How can a man think with a bunch of babbling servants? Go, hear ye! (Exeunt servants).

(Themistocles gets up and paces the floor).

O mighty gods! defend us, help us. It is a dangerous time, 'tis not safe for a single Greek now—Oh! how I wish Aristides would come back. Athens needs him. He was a wise man.

(Enter a servant).

Didn't I tell you not to come into my presence unless I called you?

*Ser.*: I beg your pardon, sire, but there is someone who wishes to speak with you.

*Them.*: Bring him in. (Exit servant, enter Aristides).

*Aris.*: Are you angry, Themistocles? I just had to come back to my part in keeping Greece against the Persians. Please send me not away.

*Them.*: I would not send you back, Aristides! Ah, no! Attica needs your wisdom. Have you heard anything more about the Persians? I think they have many more men than last time. It will be much harder than last time to beat them back.

*Aris.*: Never mind, Themistocles, we have soldiers that are fighting for their homes, wives and children. We will never surrender.

*Them.*: By the darkness, I would say it is about time to go to bed. You will sleep here with me to-night. Come along. (Clasp hands. Enter servant). Take Aristides to the best guest room, and make him comfortable.

*Ser.*: It will be done. (Exeunt servant and Aristides).



*Them.*: If ever I get a chance, I will show my patriotism like Aristides, for he is a good man. Greece can trust him. He does not seem to wish to be great. I am safe in that way, for after this I hope I may be chosen king. But I must not think of that now, but of the good of Greece. To-morrow will be a busy day, so I will get myself to bed. (Exit).

CURTAIN.

THE END.

MARJORIE PRICE, aged 11.  
Upper III., Mu Gamma.

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### TRUANT MOOD

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The wind was calling Joe, and the woods,—for he lived in a newly opened district,—were inviting him to come and explore their quiet darkness. He heard the occasional twitter of some newly-arrived and nesting bird, and like it, he was joyously, excitedly thrilled. He walked on last year's moulding brown leaves and he smelt the pungent odour of the newly turned fields. Suddenly he knew that he wouldn't go to school, and he began walking towards the woods. The woods in Spring are different from the woods in summer and in Autumn. In Summer they are deep, quiet, and blessedly peaceful. In Autumn they are preparing for the lenten Winter by having a shrove month, and in the midst of their gorgeousness they are sad. But in the early Spring they are preparing for a new life, and even their grey-brown buds seem to shine with gay expectancy.

Joe knew and shared in their mood. He heard the distant caw of an early crow, and in a specially wet place, where the melting snow was sinking into the ground, he came upon some skunk cabbage: he bent down and drank in its queer odour, and curiously enough, he gloried in it, for it seemed to him a very herald of Spring. He walked on and on, but suddenly he stopped dead. Near him, from a tall pine, a fleet shadow flitted almost silently away. He evidently had not been seen, even by those wary eyes, and he was glad of it, for he did not wish to worry Mr. and Mrs. Crow in their newly-found home. As soon as he knew it was safe to do so, he slipped quietly and quickly away, carrying with him the secret of the first early nest of Spring.

KATHARINE GRAY,

Upper V., Delta Beta.





SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1930



## CANARD BLANC, THE INDIAN

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We drove through the country, slowing up at different villages with their picturesque church steeples rising above the little settlements huddled together in small valleys. A bend in the road and we were confronted by a big hill, and after a laborious climb we reached the top, and lo, and behold! a very beautiful lake stretched out before us; here the road stopped. As we walked we were attracted by a neat, whitewashed French-Canadian cabin; on inquiring of our guide who lived there, we learned that it was the home of Canard Blanc, the Indian.

We all agreed to go and pay him a visit: we waited in front of the open door of the cabin for some time after having knocked, then slow, shuffling steps were heard, and a kindly old woman came to the door. We asked if we might see Canard Blanc. She smilingly nodded, and invited us in. We entered, full of expectation, and there, sitting by the fire, in a cloud of smoke from his long pipe, was Canard Blanc. When he saw us he stood up and came forward. To our surprise, instead of a bent, wrinkled old man, we saw a vigorous, broad-shouldered man of middle height, strongly-featured and of a ruddy complexion, with steady, bright, black eyes which gave him an air of strength. Though his hair was pure white, his step was still firm. At first he seemed a little embarrassed at seeing us there in his small room, but after a while he talked to us freely, telling us that the old woman who had asked us in was his daughter! Much astonished at this, we asked him how old he was, and he answered that just a hundred years ago he was learning to paddle, to fish, and to hunt with the Algonquins, his tribesmen. I suppose we must have gasped with surprise, for he smiled and added, pointing to his daughter as a witness,—“Canard Blanc,—hundred and seven years old.”

He told us of his love for the woods, and how he had lived most of his life in the open, hunting and trapping, and that in the autumn he still went by canoe with his sons to “take a shot,” was the expression he used.

He offered to take us out to the shed to see his canoe, which he had made himself. It was of beautiful workmanship, without a single nail.

It was quite late by this time, and we left him, feeling that we were leaving an old friend.

RENEE PAPINEAU,

Upper IV., Mu Gamma.



## BACK TO THE OLD FARM

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Back again! Back to the old farm with all its pleasant memories. Nothing is changed, yet somehow everything is different.

The old, rambling farmhouse still stands, sheltered by those strong, sturdy pine trees still tossing restlessly. The one shutter on the house which used to bang is banging yet. The kitchen, my favourite low-ceilinged room, has familiar potted geraniums on the window-sills, and the four windows still have dotted dimity curtains—the same curtains, I wonder?

There on the dairy floor are those same red tiles which I used to know so well, and even the cookies are still kept in the same blue and white crock! The loft in the barn is as spooky and cobwebby as of yore. Yet now I get no thrill in climbing the ladder which leads to it; before, it used to seem as if I were facing unknown perils, or braving angry, dangerous seas.

Even in the pig-pen there are still nine little curly-tailed spotted pigs, but the hen-run is different, much enlarged, and with many new breeds of chickens which I never knew by name then, and wonder if I do now. I used to know the chickens so well—I met them every morning at five o'clock when I had to get up and feed them, and we often saw the sunrise together.

The big, red maple with a bough just made to be perched on with a nice book, is still there casting its reflection into the brook babbling noisily by; and just beyond is the little white-washed church with its hard, board pews and the squeaky organ, which once we purchased so proudly for the sum of twenty-five dollars.

Then, my own bedroom under the rafters looks still the same, with the cool breeze coming in at the windows, and the sweet smell of cherry-blossoms softly wafted upon it.

Time for tea! Fried chicken! Waffles with maple syrup—apple cider—fresh home-made bread! Who would not hurry, and eat, eat, eat!

It seems that everything is the same, though looked on through a rosy mist of years, but Time has not stood still; but Nannie seems to think it has, for she is calling me as of old, "Time for bed! Time for bed!"

SHELAGH YOUNG,

Delta Beta, Upper V.

## THEN — AND NOW!

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THEN—

The dining room door was closed; from within came the rumble of her father's voice. Elizabeth was late for prayers.

When the voice ceased, she quietly opened the door and entered. "Good morning, papa and mamma," she said, "I am so sorry to be late."

She received no reply; her parents did not seem to notice her presence.

Elizabeth felt very badly; nothing was worse than being totally ignored. She really hadn't meant to be late, as a matter of fact it was the lack of a single pin which had kept her. There were plenty of pins in her mother's pin-cushion, but she had been forbidden to touch anything on her mother's dressing table.

She ate her meal in silence, as she had learned never to speak until spoken to.

"Elizabeth," said her mother as she rose from the table, "this is the second time this month that you have been late. I am very much displeased with you. You will go without jam for tea!"

The poor child was, by this time, feeling extremely sorry for herself; in fact her eyes were quickly filling with tears. "I am very sorry, mamma," she gulped, "I'll try not to be late again."

"I want this to be a lesson to you, Elizabeth," said her mother, "you are really getting off very easily. When I was your age, I was punished a great deal more severely for being late."

"Now run upstairs, child, your governess will be here in fifteen minutes, and I want you to start work punctually this morning."

AND NOW—

Elizabeth opened her eyes, yawned, stretched and looked at her watch. "8.15, help! I'm dashed if I go to school to-day."

She yawned again, turned over, and dozed comfortably till she was disturbed by the calls of her mother from downstairs. She replied with a loud grunt, but did not move.

Presently, hearing her mother on the stairs, Elizabeth blew her nose loudly, and coughed as the door opened.

"Elizabeth, do you realize that it is twenty-five to nine? How on earth are you going to manage to be in time for school?"

"Oh, mother, I simply can't go to school this morning, I feel absolutely rotten; you know we aren't supposed to go with colds, and my throat seems about twice its normal size."

Her mother approached the bed. "Open your mouth, Elizabeth, and say 'Ah!'" She then fetched a thermometer, and proceeded to take her daughter's temperature. When Elizabeth saw

her chance, she neatly shook the mercury up to 99°, a fairly safe temperature, she thought. It was; and it worked.

"Now, stay where you are dear, until lunch time, and we will see how you feel then. I will send up your breakfast in a few minutes."

Elizabeth coughed again realistically, and as soon as her mother had gone, produced a book.

ANDREA PECK,

Lower V., Mu Gamma.

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## THE ORIGIN OF THE PANTOMIME

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The modern pantomime is not at all like the original one. The classic performance of that name was entirely in dumb show, with music; the gestures cleverly took the place of words. The modern pantomime is a compound of the mediaeval "mysteries" or "miracle plays," and the comedies of Italy. In the latter, two of the principal characters were the Clown and Harlequin, but nowadays these have slipped back to places of secondary importance, if, indeed, they are there at all. The pantomime was well known in Italy before it was ever introduced into England.

Long ago, famous actors like Grimaldi and Guiseppe did not disdain to take the part of Harlequin and the Clown. For a while, the latter were the only characters who talked, the others merely made gestures. Nowadays, there is more talking than gesture. Guiseppe made his first appearance in Drury Lane in 1758, and his son made his début at the early age of one year and eleven months!

Thomas J. Dibden wrote the pantomime "Mother Goose." The mother of Mrs. Goose is supposed to have been a real person whose daughter married a Boston publisher, Thomas Fleet. The name "Mother Goose," however, is very much older than that.

"Aladdin," "Ali Baba," and "Sinbad, the Sailor," are all found in the "Arabian Nights." It is said that "Aladdin" was acted before Persian Kings of the tenth century. "Sleeping Beauty" also comes from the East; it was introduced into Europe by Charles Perrault, and "Cinderella" appears in his "Contes des Fées"; this is also from the East,—in fact from Egypt, but there are many variations of it, some say as many as five hundred. In the German version two white doves take the place of the God-



mother. In the English translation of Perrault's story there is a mistake, for really the *glass* slipper should have been a *fur* slipper. "Vair," a kind of fur, was mistaken and made "verre," glass. Hence Cinderella's glass slipper!

"Beauty and the Beast" was found written in ancient hieroglyphics. It is said that there are still copies of "Red Riding Hood" which are a thousand years old. When the Spaniards conquered Mexico, they found this pantomime being played before the Emperor there, but in this case a puma took the place of the wolf.

"Jack and the Beanstalk" and "Puss in Boots" are two very old tales. Bluebeard was a real person, Gilles de Laval, Baron de Retz, a murderer who was executed for sacrificing young children. This story also appears in Perrault's collection.

"Hansel and Gretel" is one of Grimm's Tales. "Humpty Dumpty" is found in Europe as well as in England itself, for there are many legends of trolls and dwarfs. "The Babes in the Wood" is also supposed to come from England, and the house where the children are said to have lived may still be seen; a story similar to this is also found in Italy.

The study of the origin of Fairy Tales must indeed be a very interesting one, and would make an excellent hobby.

BETTY WELDON,  
Upper V., Mu Gamma.

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## GOING TO THE THEATRE IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME

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The drama up to the Elizabethan age had not been very interesting, but during that period it reached a standard of perfection which has never since been equalled. The dramatists of the time were, besides Shakespeare himself, Marlowe, Lyly, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and others.

Going to the theatre in Shakespeare's time was very different; for one thing, the theatres opened in the afternoon. Suppose that you had lived in Shakespeare's time and that you had gone to the theatre, the play would have been announced to the public by a flag being hung over the door of the theatre, accompanied by a slipper if the play was to be a comedy, and a boot if it was to be tragedy. If you had been a person of wealth you might have come on horseback or by coach; you would have rattled over the cobbled streets, until you came to the theatre, and then have driven up to the door; here you would get out of your coach and it would be driven away. If you had had a horse, it might perhaps have been taken and held by one of the boys known to the world as "Shakespeare's

Boys." Then you would have gone into the theatre, and if you had been one of the gay young gallants of the time, you would perhaps have had a seat on the stage to show off your new clothes, and anyhow you would have behaved very badly, they all did—or, if you had been more retiring and modest, you would have sat at the back under a covered partition, where most of the wealth and nobility sat. But, if you had not been so fortunate as to have had a horse or coach, you would have walked to the theatre, mingling with the gaily-dressed crowd, and when you came to the theatre, you would have sat, or rather stood, in the pit, for there were no seats there, and it was open to sun and rain.

Here is a description of one of the early theatres: the house was round or octagonal in shape, and had no roof, and one end was the stage and in front of that was the pit where most of the audience stood. Around the walls were narrow galleries protected from the weather by a projecting roof. But seats such as these last-mentioned could only be used by those who could afford to pay for them. The young gallants, as has been said, sat on the stage, and usually made general nuisances of themselves, by making fun of the actors and throwing nuts, orange-peel and paper at them.

The stage in those days was quite bare, with no scenery at all, except perhaps a back-drop of tapestry; and any changes of scene were shown by a gilded sign. The actors also did not dress for their parts, but "Julius Caesar" was played in doublet and hose; but this seems only to have made the acting better, for if you have no scenery or dress, you must act twice as hard to make it seem real to your audience. Then also there were no women actors, and so all women's parts had to be played by boys, which was of course not very satisfactory, as a boy, no matter how well he is trained, cannot do justice to a woman's part. So that if you had seen "Julius Caesar" you must needs have used a great deal of imagination, to think yourself back in the days of Rome; or if you had seen, "Romeo and Juliet," you would have had to imagine what Juliet must have looked like, had a woman been acting.

You would probably have gone to the "Globe" Theatre, for it was there that the great Burbage acted; and it was there also that Shakespeare wrote a great many of his plays, for he also belonged to that theatre.

Suppose that you are in one of those theatres, and the curtain is about to rise; as it is rather dark the theatre is lit by flaring torches set in sconces, around the walls, and by this rather fitful light we are to watch the play. The curtain rises; and instantly all talking ceases and all heads turn towards the stage and the attention is centred thereon. If it were "Julius



## A TRUE INCIDENT

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In a large book-store a small section had been devoted to special books; some were there because of their beautiful bindings, others had lovely engravings, and there were also series of classics in English, French, and other languages, all neatly displayed by one of the saleswomen. She loved these books, which not only meant her livelihood, but a chance to read in spare moments.

When she was a little girl, and her family were away, she remembered slipping into her grandfather's library, and curling up in his big armchair, lost in a book, or looking at the funny old pictures. Now, this corner of the shop was to her another refuge,—from the rushing crowd around the other book-counters.

It was near closing-time, and she was arranging her books when her attention was drawn to the shabby figure of a man standing in the doorway looking longingly at her books, and yet he seemed to hesitate under the suspicious glances of the salespeople. Our saleswoman, however, with a smile invited him to look round. She soon realized that this man knew and loved books, and she felt a warm sympathy and understanding for him, too poor to satisfy his longing for them. He had, with great care, handled a few books on Art, and then wandered back to a beautifully-bound set on the same subject. He turned to our saleswoman shyly, and ordered the valuable set, explaining to the bewildered lady that he was the sculptor for the new "Ecole des Beaux Arts," and that he would rather spend his money on books than on clothes.

RENEE PAPINEAU,  
Mu Gamma, Upper IV.

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## SWINGING

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Up and down, to and fro,  
Watch us, watch us, how we go!  
See us swinging, see us swinging,  
See us swing, high and low.

Breezes blow, flowers that grow,  
See us swinging, see us swinging,  
See us swinging, high and low!

MARION SAVAGE.  
Lower IIIA, Delta Beta.







then?" asked the Riding Boots, interested in spite of himself. "Well, he brought us home," said the Rubbers, "And Marianne was so pleased. "I wonder if I shall go to a dance," mused the Dancing Slippers. All the shoes gossipped and chattered far into the night, except the Riding Boots, who seemed to be asleep, and the Bedroom Slippers, who kept guard in the moonlit bedroom.

When the Riding Boots came in the next day their tall sides radiated satisfaction. "Well?" all the shoes asked. "Well," said the Riding Boots, "I have seen him. He used to be the little boy who chased Marianne on his pony. Now he doesn't chase her, he rides by her side."

"I wonder if we shall see him," said the Rubbers. "We hope so!" cried the others.

That night the Dancing Slippers had their turn. When they returned to their accustomed place the other shoes stormed them with questions. "Oh, yes!" said the Dancing Slippers, "I have seen him. I feel rather well to-night, because I haven't been stepped on once, and Marianne was so light."

One by one the shoes saw their hero, and for many weeks their talk centred around him. But one day something happened that startled them. The maid opened the closet door and put a little unopened shoe-box on the floor. The shoes sat silent. Which pair was going to be discarded? After all, they had tried faithfully to keep their shape and their soles as good as new. Even the old Riding Boots grew nervous.

Weeks passed, the busiest the shoe-closet had ever known. There were fittings here, parties there; but strangest of all, in spite of all the gaiety, the new shoe-box had not been opened. In the closet now was always an undercurrent of curiosity and jealousy, each trying his best to be the first to solve the mystery.

It was a proud moment for the quiet little Bedroom Slippers when they brought the happy news. "Marianne is to be married!" A huge box arrived this evening, and from it Marianne's mother took a beautiful white shimmering dress. Then she turned to Marianne and said, "To-morrow we will try it on with the veil, and the little white shoes that have lain in your closet so many weeks."

Happy exclamations filled the closet and a sigh of relief. For each faithful "sole" knew that his place on the shelf would not be usurped.

ELIZABETH CONYERS,  
Lower V. A, Beta Lambda.

## THE THREE VENICES

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About the fifth or sixth century the people living on the north side of the Adriatic Sea, due to the attacks of barbarians, left in a body to settle on the low-lying islands off the coast. Here they built their homes, guarded by the three miles of water separating them from the mainland.

They lived peacefully, manufacturing and trading with eastern and western Europe. In this way they grew wealthy and produced fine pieces of architecture, building palaces and churches; a traveller to Venice will still find beautiful examples of the late Middle Ages.

The largest piazza in Venice is the Piazza di San Marco, on which is built the beautiful cathedral, the Duomo di San Marco, where the saint's bones are said to rest. Beside the Duomo is the Doges' Palace, and the Campanile. I enjoyed feeding the world-famed pigeons, who live in thousands under the eaves of the houses around the piazza; they would cluster on the head and shoulders, and receive the dry corn from one's hands.

A few hours spent in a gondola gliding along the canals is a time never to be forgotten.

The Spreewald or Agricultural Venice is south of Berlin. It is where many small rivers run into one and form the river Spree, as it is low-lying country they frequently overflowed, making the land about useless. To overcome this difficulty the inhabitants cut small canals from one river to another. They now use punts in order to get about, poling them as the canals are shallow. It is now a prosperous country, with very quaint villages where the people wear a national costume all the time.

Journeying north over the Baltic Sea, we came to Stockholm, the Venice of the North. Stockholm was founded on an island where the Baltic juts into the land; gradually it spread, till now it covers islands in lakes, rivers, and sea. Unlike the Venice of Italy it has roads for horse-drawn and motor vehicles, and bridges for them also; whereas Venice has none.

The Riddarholm or Knight's Church, is worth seeing, it has been in use since the ninth century. The hill upon the island of Skansen has a very fine open-air museum. The Stadshus or City Hall is a very interesting building. Round about Stockholm the country with the fir trees is very like Canadian scenery.

KATHARINE M. GURD,

Lower IV. B, age 12 years.



## THE FIRST RABBIT WITH PINK EYES

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Once upon a time there lived a little rabbit who had blue eyes, the same as the others of that time. He lived with his grandmother in a forest, and they were very poor, so the little rabbit had to work all day long.

One day the little rabbit had to put out traps, because he had no food, and all his grandmother's lettuce was finished.

When he woke up one morning he went to see if the traps were full, and when he looked he found a huge light in one of his traps, and he thought it was the moon come down to earth, because there was no moon in the sky, so he tied the light to a tree with a piece of thick strong cord that he found on the ground. He laughed for a good long time. Then he took up a lot of mud and threw it at the moon. The moon then said, "Let me go, or I will kill you."

The little rabbit was so frightened that he ran home and told his grandmother and she said, "Go back and untie him." So Bunny ran back, and while he was untying him the light was so strong that it made his eyes smart and water, and they turned quite red, and then he ran back and told his grandmother what had happened, and ever since that rabbits have had pink eyes.

AILS A MATHEWSON, 8 years,  
Division A, Lower School.

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## ON RIDING

When you think you are quite a good rider,  
And will never cling on by the rein,  
When you sit quite tight to the canter,  
And can trot without grasping the mane,—  
Then your dignity rises to ninety,  
And you take a small three-year-old mare,  
But the horse gives a buck, and you find yourself stuck  
Head down on a bank in a snare.

Then your pride takes a fall below zero,  
And you take the old plodders again,  
Such as twelve-year-old nags for beginners,  
Till your dignity rises again.  
You are sure you can manage that horse now,  
That same little three-year-old mare,—  
She gives but one buck—and you find yourself stuck  
In that very same bank in a snare!

PAMELA KEMP,

Form Lower V. B, Beta Lambda.

## SLUMBER SONG

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Hush thee, my baby,  
Lie still and try sleep;  
While in at your window  
The stars they will peep.  
The sheep in their meadows,  
The birds in their nests;  
Then close your eyes, darling,  
And you will soon rest.  
The night owls are hooting,  
The bats fly around;  
And the foxes are creeping,  
From holes underground.  
The flowers are nodding  
Their beautiful heads,  
And other small children  
Are asleep in their beds.  
The moon is appearing  
Above the far hill,  
And sheds its great light  
On the world lying still.  
The nightingale sings  
In the wood's darkest nook,  
And you can hear faintly  
The far tinkling brook.  
But try and sleep, darling,  
With the sun comes the light,  
And you will awaken,  
To everything bright.

M. DRUMMOND,  
Lower V. B

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## THE FIELD OF STONES

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Up on Rigaud Mountain, about forty-five miles from Montreal, there is a field in which there are great stones which go about ten feet down below the ground. To get to the field, you have to go through a winding road, past a monastery, and up a high hill; then there is a level place. Further up there are benches like pews, and a pulpit, for on fine Sundays the people of Rigaud go up there and hold their service. At the very top there is a small chapel which is very pretty and quaint.

You go along a stony path in the woods before you come to this large Field of Stones. The mountain used to belong to a Mr. McDonald, who sold it to the monastery: they in their turn

sold it to a Road Company, who are using the stones for highways and building purposes. There is a track going across, and a funny little engine and cars which take the stones along the track, and then they are dragged to a shed where trucks take them away.

There is a funny old legend that the people of the place believe. There was once a man who had a house and land up there. This farmer never went to church nor even believed in God, and on Sundays he would plough his field as on other days. One day God got very much displeased with him, and turned all his belongings into stone. Since then the devil has lived at the bottom of the field, and if anyone takes a stone away the devil goes and fetches it back again.

This field has been a puzzle to many people for a great many years. Men have come up from McGill, and cannot think what has caused it; they think it may have been caused by a glacier, or a volcano, or it may have been the bed of a river,—there is not a single blade of grass to be seen—and some people still prefer to account for it by the legend of the wicked farmer, God, and the devil.

MARY LEE PYKE,  
Form Upper IV., Kappa Rho.

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### MY FIRST FALL

Astride was I of a horse called Splash,  
And well he lived up to his name,  
For his hide was of white with splashes of brown,  
And he was a pony of fame.

It happened like this. I was trotting along,  
When Splash very suddenly stumbled;  
His head went forward, his knees went down,  
And over his nose I tumbled.

The next thing I knew, there I was on the ground,  
And Splash was sprawling, too;  
He was soon up on his feet again,—  
But what was there for me to do?

I scrambled up on his spotted back,  
And when he got back to his stall,  
I found in his shoe a large, grey stone,  
And that was the cause of the fall.

“Thirteen falls and then you can ride!”  
One I’ve already had—

I hope the twelve will come very soon—  
And may none of them be too terribly bad!

PERCIVAL MACKENZIE, (13 years),  
Delta Beta, Upper IV.



## THE WOOD OF ARDENNES

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In the wood of Ardennes,  
Far from the haunts of men,  
Flowers bloom, and birds do sing,  
In its deepest glen.

In an open meadow there,  
Where the willows lean,  
Stands a fountain very fair,  
All around is green.

This is where Angelica stood,  
Flowers in her hand,  
There was never fairer seen  
In that pagan land.

Then Argalia, her brother fond,  
Lay down upon the grass,  
Till Ferrau came and him did kill,  
As Roland saw when he passed.

He raised the sword above  
That hapless prince's head.  
He threw aside his helmet then,  
It bore a plume of red.

When Angelica heard of her brother's fate,  
She was sorry, it is said.  
She quickly rode to her father's castle  
To tell him he was dead.

PATRICIA DRUMMOND, 10 years,

Lower III. B, Beta Lambda.

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## A LITTLE BIRDIE

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I know a little redbreast who sits upon a tree,  
Waiting for the sunshine, to sing its song of glee.  
At last the sunshine came out red,  
Shining upon his tiny head.  
O, how pleased he must have been  
When he saw that lovely gleam.

AUDREY KERRIGAN, 8 years,

Lower School, Division B.

## OUR MUSIC

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Our school has always been interested in music, and this interest has been greatly due to the manner in which it has been taught to us by Miss Blanchard, the variety of songs we have learnt and the entertaining recitals that have so kindly been given for us by many artists.

We always enjoy learning new carols at Christmas and Easter, and last year our "Good King Wenceslas," which we always sing at Christmas, went just as well as ever. The Lower and Upper Schools both gave concerts this year, which gave the parents a good chance to hear their children sing, one which seemed to be very much appreciated; while our broadcast over the radio, which we enjoyed giving, and which excited us greatly, was certainly a great success.

A number of people were kind enough to entertain us this year, and Mr. Clive Carey, with his amusing English folk songs, was much appreciated by all. This autumn, too, Miss Deneke played to us again, and told us a great deal of interest about English music; of course, the interpretation of her Fox Terrier into music, in which its antics were clearly portrayed, obtained the loudest applause,—especially from the Lower Seconds! Miss Tooke also gave us a delightful violin recital.

This autumn we are learning to read at sight a little, and this ought to help us to learn our Descants to hymns much more quickly and to learn many more part songs. Altogether, we have great hopes for the future and are looking forward to a very pleasant year.

ISABEL WONHAM,

Form VI., Beta Lambda.

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On Wednesday, December 10, Dr. Fellowes came to the school and gave us a lecture on Elizabethan music. We all loved it, for he managed to convey to us the atmosphere of the time of which he was speaking, and made it so interesting that we wished it could have lasted twice as long. He had several gramophone records which we all enjoyed, then he played the piano and sang, and finally played a lute, an instrument with which very few of us were familiar, and which proved to be a pleasant surprise.

## SCHOOL SPORTS—BASKETBALL, 1930

The basketball matches that were played after Christmas were two against Trafalgar, two against Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's school, and one against Weston. They were all defeats for us except the match against Weston, which we won 32—26 after a thrilling overtime period. The second team also won against Weston 27—6. Against Trafalgar they played a very good game, bringing the score up within one point of our opponents.

### 1st TEAM

### 2nd TEAM

#### SHOTS

Ruth Crandall  
Audrey Lyman

Dorothy Coward  
Elizabeth Robertson

#### CENTRES

Betty Beveridge  
Rose Robertson

Mary Chadwick  
Ann Armstrong

#### GUARDS

Shelagh Young  
Barbara Kemp

Betty Hughes  
Ann Fyshe

Subs.—Mary Lyman, Pamela Kemp, Joanna Wright.

This year we have a new basketball court outside the school at the back. This has three baskets, at which we can practise at break. On Mondays and Wednesdays the girls stay at school for lunch, and play basketball for forty minutes before afternoon school. We have been very fortunate in the weather, and have only missed one day during this term. We have been playing at St. James' Hall on Thursdays and Saturdays as well, and our team has improved immensely, thanks to Miss Moore. Our first match of the year was played on November 22nd at Trafalgar, in which both our teams were beaten.

### The Mistresses' Match

The staff raised a basketball team last year, and we had a match between the mistresses and the first team. Miss Moore and Miss Hague as centres kept our first team centres hopping the whole time. Miss Marjorie Cam's shooting brought their score up very fast. The score was very close, the school team leading by a few points.

#### STAFF TEAM:

##### SHOTS

Miss Howard

Miss Marjorie Cam

##### CENTRES

Miss Hague

Miss Moore

##### GUARDS

Madame Gaudion

Miss Duff



### **Inter-House Basketball Matches**

The inter-house basketball matches were played during the Easter Term of last year. Delta Beta won against Beta Lambda, and Kappa Rho against Mu Gamma. Delta Beta won the final match.

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### **TENNIS**

We have been using the two courts up on the mountain for tennis this autumn. We have been playing two afternoons a week and Saturday morning most of October. The inter-house tennis tournament was won by Katherine Gray and Shelagh Young, of Delta Beta. Isabel Wonham and Helen Davis, of Beta Lambda, were the runners up. The Middle School tournament was not finished owing to bad weather. Viva Johnston and Anna Reay Mackay were the finalists.

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### **BADMINTON**

We play Badminton on Mondays and Wednesdays after school on the court in the playing field; we also play at St. James' Hall on Thursdays and Saturdays. Tremendous improvement has been shown in the playing, and we have had two very good tournaments already this year, and we are at the present time in the middle of a Round Robin. The first tournament was inter-house between teams made up of mistresses and girls. Miss Hague and Betty Beveridge won for Mu Gamma. Rose and Elizabeth Robertson of Delta Beta were the runners up. In the inter-house match between girls, Rose and Elizabeth Robertson of Delta Beta won and Betty Beveridge and Betty Weldon of Mu Gamma were the runners up. We have not yet got far enough in the Round Robin to see who is leading.

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### **SWIMMING**

Last spring Miss Moore started swimming as one of the regular school sports. We went to the Y.W.C.A. pool on Monday afternoons. There was a regular attendance of about twenty-five girls. Everybody enjoyed it and welcomed the chance of improving their swimming. This autumn our school entered the inter-school swimming meet for the first time. We came third with 14 points, and Miss Edgar's, who was second, had only three points more. Elizabeth Robertson won the diving, and came second in the 20 yards Free Style. Rose Robertson came second in the 40 yards Free Style. Kathryn McRobie came second in the 40 yards Side Stroke.

## LIST OF STORY BOOKS FOR GIRLS 10 - 14

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### Domestic Stories

MISS ALCOTT—

Little Women.  
Good Wives.  
An Old-fashioned Girl.

E. NESBITT—

The Bastables.

MRS. EWING—

Story of a Short Life.  
Jackanapes.  
Flat Iron for a Farthing.  
Six to Sixteen.  
Jan of the Windmill.  
A Great Emergency.

MRS. HODGSON BURNETT—

Sara Crewe.  
A Little Princess.  
Little Lord Fauntleroy.

RICHARD JEFFREYS—

Bevis, the Story of a Boy.

C. M. YONGE—

The Stokesley Secret.

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### Historical Stories

CAPTAIN MARYATT—

Children of the New Forest.

REV. A. D. CRABE—

Edwy the Fair.  
Alfgar the Dane.

R. L. STEVENSON—

Kidnapped.

RUDYARD KIPLING—

Puck of Pook's Hill.  
Rewards and Fairies.

FLORENCE CONVERSE—

Long Will.

C. M. YONGE—

The Little Duke.  
Lances of Lynwood.  
The Armourers' Apprentices.  
Unknown to History.

JOHN FORTESCUE—  
The Drummer's Coat.

QUILLER COUCH—  
The Splendid Spur.

J. B. REED—  
Sir Ludar.

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### **Adventure Stories**

JULES VERNE—  
The Mysterious Island.

R. L. STEVENSON—  
Treasure Island.

RUDYARD KIPLING—  
Captains Courageous.

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### **Animal Stories**

RUDYARD KIPLING—  
The Jungle Books.

JOHN FORTESCUE—  
The Story of a Red Deer.

HENRY WILLIAMSON—  
Tarka, the Otter.

SETON THOMPSON—  
The Story of a Grisly—(and several others).

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS—  
Many animal stories.

KENNETH GRAHAM—  
The Wind in the Willows.

ELEANOR ATKINSON—  
Greyfriar's Bobby.

ALFRED OLIVANT—  
Owd Bob (In American editions "Bob, Son of Battle")

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Girls of 12 should be ready to read some Dickens, e.g., David Copperfield. There are several abbreviated editions, but I am not altogether in favour of mutilating books in this way.

There is an interesting series of books for children published by Jack—"Told for the Children Series" which include several interesting Biographies (e.g., Joan of Arc) Science (e.g., Stars and Flowers).

M. GASCOIGNE.



## NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

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ELEANOR ANGUS (Mrs. Ronald Jones) is living in town.

DOROTHY BENSON is Captain of the School Guide Company, and is on the committee of the S.P.C.A.

NEVILLE BIRCHALL is in her 4th year at Varsity, Toronto.

MARGARET BLACK (Mrs. Howard Gordon) is in town and has a son.

DOROTHY BLAIR is doing Junior League work.

KATHLEEN BOVEY has taken up Guide work again and is a member of the Junior League.

ELIZABETH BRICE is in her 1st year at McGill, is a member of the Junior League, and is a debutante.

ANNETTE BROCK has just taken a Navigation Course in England, and is now doing a business course in town.

PATRICIA BUDDEN is Captain of the 37th Guide Co., and a member of the Junior League.

OSLA CAINS (Mrs. Richard Dawes) is in town, and has a daughter.

- CELIA CANTLIE is at school in Paris.

- EVELYN CANTLIE is at Elmwood School, Ottawa.

- JEAN CASSILS (Mrs. Ormiston Dawes) is in town.

- HILDRED CLARKE is a member of the Junior League.

THORA CLERK (Mrs. O. E. Armstrong) is in town.

EVA COLBY is at a business college.

ANNA COWANS (Mrs. A. T. Patterson) is in town, and has two children.

DOROTHY COWARD is doing social service work.

- HARRIET CRAIG is in town.

- JEAN CRAIG is at school at Dobbs-Ferry, New York.

- RUTH CRANDALL is at Dalhousie University, Halifax.

MARION CRAWFORD (Mrs. W. Ramsay) is in the United States, and has two children.

MARIAN DALE (Mrs. Frank Scott) is in town, and has a son.

DOLLY DAVIDSON (Mrs. Alan McCall) is in town, and had a son in June.

CLARE DAVIS is a member of the Junior League.

CONSTANCE DAWES is in town.

- MARGARET and PATRICIA DAWES are in town. Margaret is studying art.

PHYLLIS DANIELS is one of this season's debutantes.

- CAROL DETTMERS is at Netherwood School, Rothesay.

GERTRUDE DICK is in town.

BETTY DODD is a member of the Junior League.

MARGUERITE DOUCET (Mrs. John Hollyer) is treasurer of the S.O.G.A., and has a daughter.

PEGGY DUGGAN (Hon. Mrs. A. K. Hugesson) is in town, and has a daughter.

MABEL EVANS is in town.

- ELOISE FAIRIE is one of this season's debutantes.

PEGGY FAIRMAN is a member of the Junior League.

JEAN FROSST (Mrs. Colin Webster) is in town, and has a son.

STELLA FROSST is studying music with Paul de Marky.

- BERYS and MARY GILMOUR will be in Switzerland for Christmas.
- CELESTE GLASS is at Bishop Strachan's School, Toronto.
- MARGARET GORDON (Mrs. Andrew Barr) came to school this Autumn, and we were very pleased to see her. She is now out West, but will probably be back before Christmas.
- NANCY HALE is at school in Switzerland.
- CECILY HELLIWELL (Mrs. David Glassco) has a daughter.
- RITA HUTCHESON (Mrs. J. H. Holden) is in town.
- DOROTHY HYDE is working at the General Hospital.
- ALICE JAMIESON (Mrs. Ian Adair) is in town.
- NANCY JOHNSON is in her 3rd year at McGill.
- ANNE LEE and THERESA JUNIUS are living in New York.
- BETTY KEMP is at the Beaux Arts and a member of the Junior League. She is also a debutante.
- ETHEL LAMPLOUGH is working at "Georgette's" Dress Shop.
- ISABEL LAMPLOUGH is a special nurse at the Montreal General Hospital.
- JANE LEGGAT is a member of the Junior League and is in her 4th year at McGill.
- BEATRICE LYMAN (Mrs. H. Wyatt Johnston) is on the Local Council of Women, and on the committee of the S.P.C.A.
- MONICA LYMAN is at Trafalgar.
- AUDREY LYMAN is at school in France.
- ✓ NORAH MAGEE is at Hatfield Hall, Coburg.
- WILLA MAGEE is at school in Paris.
- PEGGY MACKENZIE is Tawny Owl of the School Brownies.
- CHARLOTTE MACFARLANE is Secretary of the S.O.G.A., and Lieutenant of the School Guides. She is also taking the final exam. of the London College of Music.
- ELIZABETH McARTHUR (Mrs. Shepherd) is living in Boston.
- MARGARET McMURRICH
- MARY KATE McNAUGHTON
- JOY McGIBBON is at King's Hall, Compton.
- SHEILA MATHEWSON is living in town.
- MARGARET MOLSON (Mrs. Theodore Morgan) is in town and has a son.
- DOROTHY MOLSON (Mrs. Hartland McDougall) is in town.
- B. MORPHY (Mrs. W. E. Dunton) is in town.
- ALVERDA MACNUTT, HONOR MATHEWSON, MARGOT McDOUGALL, NAOMI McGACHEN are among this season's debutantes. Naomi MacGachen is in her 3rd year at McGill.
- PHYLLIS LE MAISTRE is at a business college.
- BEATRICE MURRAY (Mrs. Arthur Findlay) is living in town.
- PHOEBE NOBBS is the Brown Owl at the Protestant Orphans' Home. She also is a member of the McGill Players' Club.
- BETTY OGILVIE is at school in France.
- DOROTHY OSBORNE took her B.Sc at McGill, and is now at Mont Pelier, France.
- GERDA PARSONS (Mrs. A. J. Thomas) has a son.
- MARGARET PECK is a member of the Junior League.
- ELIZABETH PECK is at Headington School, Oxford.

JOYCE PYKE is among this season's debutantes.  
 HOPE RICHARDSON is in her third year at McGill.  
 MARY RIORDEN is a member of the Junior League.  
 PEGGY ROBINSON is at Netherwood, Rothesay, N.B.  
 KATHLEEN ROSAMUND is a Governor of the school, has a company of Rangers, and is Brown Owl of the School Brownies.  
 NORAH ROSAMUND (Mrs. Gordon Hughes) is Vice-President of the S.O.G.A., and also does Guide work.  
 GRACE SHEARWOOD (Mrs. Furse) is in town.  
 JESSIE SMITH is in London and is engaged.  
 MARGARET STAIRS is in town.  
 CHARLOTTE STAIRS is on the Junior League.  
 AILEEN STAIRS is much to be congratulated on winning an open Classical Scholarship at St. Hilda's, Oxford. She has now gone up to Oxford and is enjoying it very much.  
 ELLEN STANSFIELD is working for her M.A., and has a teaching fellowship at McGill. She is also Captain of the 34th Guide Co.  
 MARJORIE STEVENSON has a studio and is working at the Beaux Arts. She is also running the Guides' Officers' Council.  
 FRANCES and JEAN LATLEY are in town.  
 OLIVE THORNTON is living in town.  
 GWYNEDD TURNER is in England.  
 MARY TURPIN is at school in France.  
 HELEN WELDON is Secretary of the Montreal Symphony Orchestra.  
 GWYNETH WONHAM is helping with Metabolism at the General Hospital.

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### ENGAGEMENTS

ISABEL BARCLAY to CURZON DOBELL.  
 RUTH COWANS to ALLAN MacKAY (Ruth has won a great many prizes in various horse shows in the past year).  
 JOAN EVE to DENNISON DENNY.  
 MURIEL JAMIESON to STUART CANTLIE.  
 ISABEL LAMPLOUGH to DR. GRANT REID.

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### MARRIAGES

JEAN ANGUS to J. F. EDGECOMBE. (She is now living in St. John).  
 ANNA DALE to DAVID KEIR, Dean of University College, Oxford.  
 ANNE HYDE to ARCHIBALD HODGSON.  
 YVETTE McKENNA to ARCHIBALD CRABBE.  
 PIERCE PORTEOUS to GEORGE YOUNGER.

DEANE RICHARDSON,  
 MARGARET PECK,  
 ELLEN STANSFIELD,  
 CHARLOTTE MACFARLANE.











